

Ache For It

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Summary

Will loves to be choked during sex. He loves breathplay in general.

He's lucky that Hannibal loves to choke him.

But what happens when Will aches to be choked when he's home alone?

Kinktober Day 1: Masturbation + Breathplay

Notes

A kind hello to my readers and any new faces!!

I will not be posting for every day's prompts, because some of them make me quite uncomfortable to work with. But the ones I do write will be posted under my new series labeled "Kinktober 2022"!!

I will also be using more than one of the prompts from the day in a few of the stories!! Just like this one!!

I hope you do enjoy and stick around for the ride!!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Will's fascination with asphyxiation came from his early years of college. He had a girlfriend who loved wrapping her hands around his neck when she rode him. He would bask in the feeling every single time.

That's where he first discovered the thrill of pushing his brain to the very brink of passing out. Seeing how long he could force his lungs to calm at the threat of suffocation.

Even now, nearly thirty years later, Will still holds onto his love of choking. He found lovers who would look at him like he was insane the second he asked if they would choke him during sex.

But he also found lovers who wanted to indulge Will in this special breathplay kink.

Hannibal Lecter was one of these lovers.

Whenever Will found himself in need of a big release after a long day, he would find Hannibal. He was always patient and willing to give the profiler whatever he asked for, no matter how he was feeling himself.

So, Will got very accustomed to crawling to Hannibal on bad days. Once he was at his feet, he would beg to be strangled, to be held down and fucked until he passed out from loss of oxygen.

Dr. Hannibal Lecter of course disapproved of giving this to his boy often, fearful of the long term effects that the oxygen deprivation could have on his fragile brain cells.

It was always a treat when Hannibal would allow Will to black out. Will knew it was meant to be a special kind of reward. But he aches for it any time he and Hannibal have sex.

He aches to lose his consciousness for a few seconds, just to wake up to find Hannibal pounding into him harder than before, both hands free to allow Will's blood to rush back to his brain.

He aches for it now.

Now being at home alone. Alone in bed with his dogs sleeping peacefully on the floor nearby, the space heater humming softly in the corner of the room to keep them all warm in the dead of winter.

Will rolls over in his bed, glancing at the bedside analog clock displaying the time: 12:32am. He groans as he realizes it's far too late now to drive over to Hannibal's house, and even too late to give the man a call.

He smiles at the thought of calling Hannibal, hot and needy for release. He's never had phone sex before, but he's sure that Hannibal would be able to tip him over with the seductive tone his voice takes on when he's aroused.

The very thought of Hannibal talking him through an orgasm has Will blushing with arousal.

Would Hannibal permit him to choke himself with the risk of passing out alone in his home?

Will's body responds to these thoughts. His cock hardened in his boxers at the reminder of Hannibal's hands around his throat.

He reaches up to pet his pulse with his thumb, the rest of his fingers wrapping around the column of his throat.

His breath hitches when he presses gently, now remembering the bruises he's been sporting under the makeup he forgot he'd been wearing. He's thankfully not forgotten to put it on yet.

He needs to wear it so he can go to work without being harassed with questions about whether he'd been assaulted or just had a good time in the bedroom.

He wishes he could show off the hand shaped bruise, he smiles at the thought that someone might look down at Hannibal's hand, then connect the bruise on Will's neck with it.

Will's head is filled with fuzz after a few minutes of applying rougher pressure. He whines quietly when he releases his neck, as to not alert his dogs.

He practically scrambles to yank his boxers off his hips to rest down on his ankles. He cock bobs with his movements, fully erect and begging for attention.

He tries to compose himself as sits up to pull open his bedside drawer, pulling out the fleshlight he keeps there.

It's nothing realistic. It's really just a clear tube with ridges along the inside for added sensory elements.

He drizzles some of the lube he stores alongside it into the toy, successfully lubricating it enough for Will to pull it onto his dick a moment later.

In this seated position, it's really easy to work the toy onto himself. He pumps it with no intention to make this last.

He just needs to get off so he can stop thinking about stupid Hannibal Lecter. So he can sleep.

He wants to think of him as he jack off though. His orgasms always feel better when he thinks about Hannibal touching him.

So he does just that. He imagines that Hannibal is the one pumping the tight toy over his flush cock. He imagines that Hannibal's hand is around his throat when he lifts his hand to wrap around it.

He doesn't waste time in applying harsh pressure to his favorite spot, sputtering in the rhythm on his dick.

It takes him a moment to recover that intoxicating rhythm he had found earlier, but once he does, he can't hold back the groan that escapes his vocal cords.

Will can feel them moving in his throat, can feel his head get fuzzy as he stops intaking oxygen into his lungs.

They start to ache only thirty seconds later, begging for an intake of sweat air.

Will's hand doesn't stop moving, working his dick with naughty squelching sounds of his toy echoing the room.

He can feel his body start to slow down as the loss of oxygen pulls his vision into a fuzzy state.

Will's desperation to black out is far more present than his desire to orgasm at this point. As it always is.

He subconsciously apologizes to Hannibal as the telltale signs that he's about to pass out creep up on him.

Will uses the rest of his strength to maintain the pressure on his throat, forgetting about his fleshlight. It's only a few more moments before he's pulling himself into unconsciousness.

He's out for a couple of seconds, body gone limp and unresponsive.

His breathing comes back to him with a start, and so does his life. He blinks his eyes open with a wide grin on his face.

He's laid back now, hand laying limp near his throat, the other flopped off to the side from when he fell backwards onto his bed.

He groans at the thought that he just passed out. His right hand finds his dick through the haze in his mind. It only takes him a few tugs of rough friction to pulse in orgasm.

He shoots cums weakly onto his chest, heaving in an attempt to make up for the loss of oxygen.

He just lays there for a moment, grinning like an idiot in his post orgasmic haze. His eyes fall closed as his chest starts to slow.

He thinks of calling Hannibal for only a brief moment. To inform him of what just happened. But then he thinks of the bruises that he surely just left along his throat, right on top of his lover's.

He won't tell Hannibal what happened tonight.

He'll wait for tomorrow to show him.

End Notes

How was that? Please let me know your feedback in the comments :))

xoxo

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